THE SCOVRGE OF VENVS:

OR,

The wanton Lady.

WITH

THE RARE BIRTH OF ADONIS.

The second Impression, corrected, and enlarged, by *H. A.*

LONDON,
Printed by *N. O.* and are to bee sold by *Robert Wilson*, at his Shop at *Graies-Inne* new gate. 1614.

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To the Reader.

GENTLEMEN, if your fancy will permit you to favour this booke, I shall be thankfull, if not, I can but repent at the charge of the Impression, I meane but little gaine to my selfe, yet much pleasure to you, if it were my owne wit, and you condemne it, I should be ashamed of my publicke intrusion; but since it was the labour of a man wel-deseruing, forbeare open reprehending: For

as I haue heard, 'twas done for
pleasure, without any intent of
Impression; thus much I excuse
him that I know not, and com-
mend that which deser-
ueth well, if I bee
partiall, I pray
patience.

Vale.

H. A.

The Scourge of Venus.

WHilst that the Sunne was climing
vp in haste,
To view the world with his am-
bitious eye.
Faire *Myrha*, yet alas, more faire
then chaste,
Did set her thoughts to descant wantonly:
My most inhumane, worse then bad, or ill,
As in the sequell you may reade at will.

You that haue parents, or that parents be,
Depart a space, and giue not care at all,
To the foule tale that here shall vttered be:
Some filthy shame let on all other fall,
If possibly there can be any such,
From nature to degenerate so much.

O then with *Ouid*, I am wonderous glad,
That this small world of ours is put so farre
From those that such incestious people had:
So rest thou still in glory as a starre,
That scorning thrusts from other nations quite,
And in thy vertues doth thy selfe delight.

And now faire Myrha in her youthly blood
Doth on her father dote with fond desire,
Each foule occasion is accounted good,
That may increase her filthy lustfull fire.
And as this shamefull matter wanted grace,
So doubtfully shee thus doth plead her case.

Why should not Gods this loue of mine permit
Or be offended with me for the same?
It doth infringe their sacred lawes no whit,
Adding dishonour, or deseruing blame:
I will proceed, good reasons for to proue,
'Tis not vnlawfull to obtaine my loue.

In many countries I do certaine know,
The parents with their children married be,
Which they do most, their godlinesse to show,
Because their loues increasst thereby they see.
Then shal this luckleſſe plot of ground remaine
Th'occasion that my loue I not obtaine?

Each wight hath Nature set at liberty:
All things be cõmon, for she naught restrains
Then let the Daughter with the Father lye,
Like president with all things else remaines,
The Kid, the Heifer, and the birds we see,
Affect the same of whom they gotten be.

In

In happy case then such her creatures are,
That may do so, and yet do no offence,
They be more happy then is mankinde farre:
For they by some malicious base pretence
Haue made a curbe to hold that still in thrall,
Which nature would haue common vnto all.

But yet packe hence thou foule incestious lóue,
What? wilt vpon thy onely father dote?
I ought to loue him; yet as doth behoue, (note.
Not that the world thereby my shame may
O do resolue! the neerenesse of our kin,
Cuts off all hope thy wished suit to win.

Did *Cupid* then ere shoot so yet before?
Can *Vulcan* forge so foule an arrow now?
Or further: will dame *Venus* euermore
Such cruelty vnto her seruants show?
No, no, I am deceiu'd; for now I see,
With poisoned snakes some fury wouded thee.

How great (said she) ô *Venus* mayst thou be,
How was I rauished this present night,
In feeling of your pleasant sports in me?
I clipt a man in prime of his delight,
What liuely pleasures did I there conceiue?
No fault (alasse) but they too soone did leaue,

Would

Would *Cynara* thou hadſt ſome other name,
How fitly might'ſt thou haue a loue of me?
How nobly might'ſt thereby increaſe thy fame,
How quickly ſhouldſt a ſon gaine vnto thee?
I would enforce dull earthly thoughts, to creep
To kiſſe and clip, and other paſtimes haue.

What meane my dreams? haue they effect at all?
May dreames a future chance to vs portend?
Let then to me ſuch dreames more oft befall,
In dreames no preſent witneſſe can offend.
" In dreames we may as great a pleaſure take,
" As in ſome ſort is found we being awake.

But yet avaunt, packe hence foule filthy fire,
Wring our ſome teares to quench this curſed flame
No otherwiſe thé daughter-like require
Thy fathers loue, that blazons out thy ſhame.
Yet put the caſe he firſt did ſeeke to mee,
No doubt I ſhould to his requeſt agree.

Why ſhould it not then ſtand right ſo with him,
Since of one nature we participate?
What if with ſpeech thou ſhame his loue to win
Then maiſt thou write, *No time is yet to late.*
What thou doſt bluſh to ſpeake, loue bids thee write
Belieue me they read more thé we indite.

Resolu'd on this, with trembling hand she takes
The pen and paper, framing for to write,
Left had holds wax, whilst right the leter makes
Composing what she did in minde indite.
She writes, she doubts, she chãgeth this for that,
She likes, dislikes, & notes she knows not what.

She casts away, and doth begin anew,
Yet findes a want in that she framed last;
She blots, & then againe that thing doth view,
And now the first more fits then all that's past.
Father she writes, yet shame did blot it out,
Then thus she writes, and casts away all doubt.

I know not what, sends to I know not whom,
Such health that thou maist only giue to me,
Which if I want, my life cannot be long,
Euen that same health thy louer sends to thee.
I dare not tell thee who I am for shame,
Nor (out alasse) once let thee heare my name.

And if thou aske of me what I desire,
Or why so doubtfull I do write to thee,
Would nameleſſe I might tell what I require,
Till that my suite were granted vnto me.
Which if to know, thou wouldst make further (triall
A maiden asketh but a maids deniall.

In

In token of my wounded heart, I would
Within these blotted lines there might apeare
My colour pale, my body leane and cold,
My watry eyes, my sighes and heauy cheere,
Then mightst perceiue I were in loue with thee,
And how the flames of loue tormenteth me.

I call the Gods as witnesse to the same
Poore wretched wench, I stroue to flie the dart
And did my best that out-rage for to tame,
Which *Cupid* had allotted for my smart,
No wench bare more then did to me betide,
Which forc'd me shew the cause that I would (hide.

Then mercy at thy gentle hands I craue,
In fearefull wise to thee I make my mone,
Thou onely maist thy louer spill or saue,
No enemy doth sue, but such a one
That is aly'd most neerely vnto thee,
Yet in a neerer band would linked be.

My life is thine, and thou didst giue it me,
Then loue thy selfe, and thou wilt me affect,
My beauty's much, and is deriu'd from thee,
Then all thy owne be carefull to respect.
O stop thy eares, and heare not *Myrha's* name,
And shut thy eies whē thou dost read the same.

My

My youthfull yeares rash folly doth beseeme,
The skill of law to aged folkes belong,
And all is lawfull that we lift, I deeme,
We take no notice of the right or wrong,
If it offend to take thy owne in't bed,
Let that offence be layd vpon my head.

Then set apart the dread of wordly shame,
And take the Gods, as presidents herein,
My pregnant wit shall shun all future blame,
Our pleasant sleapes well hid with name of kin,
And you may clip and kisse, and play with me,
A daughters name me thinkes a cloke wil bee.

Haue mercy now, I haue my case expresst,
Which loue inforst my fearefull hand to write:
O grant thy daughter this her first request,
That is the occasion of her chiefe delight,
This Epitaph deserue thou not, I haue,
The cruell father tooke the life he gaue.

And though my lines are blotted euery where,
'Twas with my teares that fell ere it was dry,
And if my letters scribled do appeare,
Whereby you thinke some other wrot to try
Your mind: because my curious hand is mist,
A fearefull minde, doth bring a shaking fist.

And

And ſo theſe ſcribled lines I doe commend
Vnto your loue, be-blurred all with teares,
With feruent hope they ſhall no whit offend,
The minde is baſe that ſtill continuall feares
And note you well, which is the greater blot,
To get no childe, or kill that you haue got.

Thus much this luſtfull Lady writ in vaine,
And ſeal'd it cloſely with a pretious ſtone,
A pretious ſtone clos'd vp a filthy ſtaine,
Her truſty ſeruant forth ſhe cals anone,
And bluſhing bad him with a merry cheare,
He ſhould this letter to her father beare.

This ſcarcely ſaid, old *Cynaras* did come,
And then ſhe caſt her letter quite aſide:
Daughter (ſaid he) you ſee the daily throng
Of ſuters that doe ſeeke thee for their bride
Here be their names, *my wench*, the choice is thine
On which of them thou wilt thy ſelfe beſtow.

Now for a ſpace ſhe ſilent did remaine,
And onely gazed wiſtly in his face:
She could her teares no longer then reſtraine,
But they ran trickling down her cheeks apace.
Her father kiſſes her, and bids her peace,
And thought it tender-hearted ſhamefaſtnes.

He dryed her cheeks, and said, my wench be stil,
Thy years of right a husband now doth claime
Thou shalt not liue a maide by my good will,
Nor longer shalt a wanton bed refraine,
Then what, or who wilt haue, come tel me now,
At length she did reply; One like to you.

He did allow the choyce, and praisd the same,
And kist and clipt her for her louing speech,
Not deeming that it tended to their shame,
It pleasd her well, & wisht that he would seech
A further suit; and then made this request,
Let me liue still with you, let yours rest.

Your company I most of all affect,
Continue but your loue, it shall suffice
These wrangling husbãds why should I respect?
Her father thus againe to her replies,
Thy godlinesse (at which she blushed red)
I like, but thou must taste a Bride-groomes bed.

Thou dost not know the pleasure it affoords,
Nor wanton motions that therein abound,
It not consisteth all of pleasant words,
More gamesome tricks are there stil to be found
A minde so chaste as thine cannot conceiue
What pleasing sports one shal therby receiue.

It is no dreame, nor paſſion of the minde,
But a ſubſtantiall pleaſure there doth dwell,
The practike part of dreames therein we finde,
Which who ſo doth omit, leades Apes in hell.
Why doſt thou bluſh? I know your caſe, belieue,
Maids muſt ſay nay, yet take, when men do giue.

And now the ſable horſes of the night,
Haue drawne a mantle ore the ſiluer ſky,
And all the ſtars do ſhew their borrowed light,
Each breathing thing opreſt with ſleep doth lye
Saue *Philomel*, that ſings of *Terreus* rape,
And *Myrha* plotting ſome inceſtious ſcape.

No reſt at all ſhe tooke within her bed,
The flames of *Cupid* burnt ſo in her breſt,
And many a fanſie comes into her head,
Which ouer much her troubled ſoule oppreſt,
She *doubts*, ſhe *hopes*, the *feare* doth make repaire,
Sh'l now attempt, then *ſhame* doth bring deſpaire.

Looke how you ſee a pleaſant field of Corne
Moue here & there by gentle-breathing wind,
Now vp and downe, as waues in ſea are borne:
So doubtful thoughes had motion in her minde
Now ſhee'l ſurceaſe, and now to him repaire
Inſtable, like a feather in the aire.

O fye vpon this fowle incestious lust,
That very Nature greatly doth abhorre,
Some plague will fall vpon all such I trust:
If in this world there can be any more.
I hope this little world well free-ed is,
Of Giants and such monstrous beasts as this:

So God preserue it, if it be his will,
And let the Gospell euer flourish here,
Yet I do feare we haue some yet as ill,
The pleasing fooles do with their folly beare:
In Paradice I see wee cannot liue,
But wee shall finde some foule seducing *Eue*.

My tongue doth stagger to repeate her name,
So foule a blot a Christian cannot brooke,
Go seeke a glasse to see this filthy shame,
Vpon *Gods holy Bible* daily looke:
And there thou maist, as in a mirrour see,
No *Alkeron* can yeeld the like to thee.

There sucke the *Nectar* of his *Holy Word*,
And beg thou pardon for thy foule abuse,
For euery Sore it can a *Salue* afford:
O *Atheist!* learne to make of it good vse.
Thou Christians blot, to leaue off further talke,
Whilst thou hast light, endeuour there to walke.

And thou *Pænchaia*, rich in many a thing,
In *Cuſtus*, *Cynamon*, and *Incenſe* ſweete,
That out of trees aboundantly doth ſpring,
Of *Ammonie*, and things for vſes meete.
Yet whilſt thou yeeldeſt *Myrrh*, I wey thee not
For thereunto hath *Myrha* giuen a blot.

No meaſure in her filthy loue ſhe found:
No eaſe, no reſt, but death doth like her now,
Reſolu'd on this ſhe gets vp from the ground,
To ſtop her breath moſt deſperately doth vow,
And then the nooſe about her necke ſhe drawes,
And ſaid, ô *Cynaras*, thou art the onely cauſe.

Farewell therefore, a thouſand times farewell
Deere *Cynaras*, thou mightſt haue ſau'd my life,
And thinke thou this to me alone befell,
Becauſe I durſt not loue thee as a wife,
Farewell againe. Oh welcome gentle death!
And then ſhe went about to ſtop her breath.

A recompence fit for ſo foule a mind,
But yet by chance her aged Nurſe did lye
Within a chamber that to hers adioyn'd,
Who ouer-hearing this, to her did hye,
And ſeeing her halfe murdered ſo, began
To ſhrieke & ſcreeme, & ſtraight vnto her ran

Who first did snatch her girdle from her necke,
And powring teares vpon her plenteously,
Did hold her in her aged armes, though weake,
And kissing her did vrge the reason why
Shee went about away herselfe to make,
Or to her shame so base a course to take?

Quoth she, I pray thee tell the cause to me,
Behold these empty dugs, and head all gray,
These hands that pain haue tooke in rocking thee
Let some, or all these, cause thee to bewray
What cruel meanes haue brought thee in this case,
At which the Lady turn'd away her face.

O be not coy sweete! hide thou nought from me,
I am thy Nurse, she said, and haue good skill
In charms, & hearbs, & dreams, that powerfull be,
Of what thou wantst, Ile helpe thee to thy fill:
Art thou in loue, or witcht by any wight?
Ile finde thee ease, or else will free thee quite.

I haue bene wanton once as well as you,
Now yet by age, am altogether dull,
I haue beene loue-sicke, as you may be now,
Of toyes and loue-trickes I was wondrous full,
How strange so ere thy case do therefore stand,
I can and will redresse it out of hand.

Thou art in *Loue* (my ſweete) I well eſpy,
If ſo, no lacke ſhalt finde in me, I ſweare:
The Lady in her armes ſob'd bitterly,
The Nurſe reply'd, and ſaid; Why do not fear
Thy father ſhall not know of this at all:
At which ſhe ſtarts, and on her bed doth fall.

And frantickly ſhe tumbles on her face,
And ſaid, get hence (good Nurſe) I prethee go
Conſtraine me not to ſhew my wicked caſe.
That caſe (quoth ſhe) I pray thee let me know
Get hence, ſhe anſwer'd, or enquire leſſe,
'Tis wickednesſe thou wouldſt haue me confeſſe.

'Tis ſuch a thing, that if I want, I die,
And being got, is nothing elſe but ſhame.
The Nurſe hereat did ſigh moſt heauily,
And on her knees beſought to know the ſame
And holding vp her hands as ſhe did kneele,
Said; Madame, tell the priuy griefe you feele.

If you will not diſcouer this to me,
I will acquaint your father out of hand,
How you had hang'd your ſelfe, wer't not for me
But if you tell, your truſty friend I'le ſtand,
And let your griefe of any nature be,
It ſhalll go heard, but Il'e finde remedy.

nd if your eaſe be ill, you need not feare
The heauie load the wickednesse doth bring,
e teach thee how moſt eaſily to beare,
My age hath got experience in each thing.
ell me what 'tis that doth ſo neerely touch,
One woman may perſwade another much.

nd now the Lady raiſd her heauy head,
Hanging vpon her Nurſes boſome faſt,
s ſhe did riſe vp from her ſlothfull bed,
Being prodigall, her chriſtall teares to waſte,
w ſhe would ſpeak, & now her ſpeech doth ſtay:
The ſhame doth cauſe her turne her face away.

franticke fury doth poſſeſſe her now,
And then ſhe drawes her garment ore her face,
nd wrings her hands, and to her Nurſe doth vow
For to acquaint her with her wretched caſe:
nd ſhedding briniſh teares into her breaſt,
Thus much her griefe to her at laſt expreſt.

h happy is my mothers happy ſtate!
That hath a huſband *Debonaire* and faire,
nhappy am I, moſt infortunate,
At which ſhe ſtopt, as one falne in diſpaire.
he Nurſe ſoone found *Senecdoche* in this,
And what the whole meant by a part did geſſe.

Her aged bones did ſhake and tremble faſt,
Her hoary haire ſtood ſtaring vp on end,
From forth her eyes a heauy looke ſhe caſt,
And many a ſigh her heart diſtreſt did ſend;
Yet pauſing long, not knowing what to ſay,
At laſt her tongue her minde did thus bewray.

In this I hope, good Lady, you but ieſt,
To try your Nurſes now decaying wit;
So foule a fault is not within your breaſt,
Then tell me true the occaſion of this fit.
The Lady frown'd, and ſtopt her ſpeaking farther,
And ſaid get héce, is't ſhame to loue on's father?

I ſhe reply'd, in ſuch a filthy ſort,
It is not loue, but luſt that you profeſſe,
Neceſity with true loue cannot ſort,
Your loue contaminates, you muſt confeſſe,
A daughters loue then to your father ſhow,
Some loue *good things*, but with *bad loue*, I know.

Or if your wanton fleſh you cannot tame,
Nor coole the burning of your hot deſire,
Then take ſome one that not augments the ſhame
And ſet apart to dote vpon your fire,
It is moſt vile to ſtand in ſuch a need,
To make the actor baſer then the deed.

Beſides,

Beſides, his yeares can yeeld no ſuch content,
That blithſome wanton dames expect to haue,
Herein your bargaine you will ſoone repent,
Whē you ſhal find great want of that you craue:
Are you ſo mad, or will you once beleeue
Old men content to frolicke Dames can giue?

Take this example of me, from the Sky,
Behold a ſhooting ſtar from heauen fall,
Whoſe glimmering light you ſcarcely do eſpye;
But it is gone as nothing were at all;
And ſo their ſports being ſcarce begun doth leaue
As in the aire concreſſions we perceiue.

Or as the bloomes vpon the Almond-tree,
That vaniſh ſooner thē the muſh-rums come,
Or as the flies *Hæmere* we do ſee, (gunne,
To leaue their breath their life being ſcarce be-
What, thinkſt the tree whoſe roots decai'd by time
Can yeeld like fruit to yong ones in their prime.

A rotten ſtick's more fit to burne then vſe,
I maruell what from age you do expect,
Let my experience their defect accuſe,
And teach thee how thy equals to affect:
When they ſhould toy, iocound & ſport with thee,
Their gouts, their coughs, & cramps, will hinde-
(rance be.

'Tis not their fault, but incident to age,
Which far more imperfections with it brings,
As iealouſie, ſuſpicion, fury, rage,
Diſlike, diſdaine, and other ſuch like things,
For can the fire, hot in nature, dwell
With water cold, but they at length rebell.

Euen as in Summer one may aptly note,
The fire and water in one cloud contain'd;
And neither yet the maſtery haue got,
Being oppoſites, their furies not reſtrain'd,
But do contend in ſtrife and deadly warre,
Till ſcolding Thunder do pronounce the iarre.

Chooſe from thy woers ſome peculiar one,
Whoſe loue may fill the meaſure of thy hopes,
And blazonize thy wanton ſports alone,
Whoſe appetite with thy deſire copes,
Youth will be frolicke in a Maidens bed,
Age is vnapt and heauy as the lead.

Youth hath his daliance and his kinde embrace,
Euen as the Elmes incircled with the Vine;
Age loueth reſt and quiet in this caſe,
Saying, Oakes at ſuch like Iuy gripes repine,
Youths pleaſing weltund years ſweet muſick maks
When for cõſort loue ſtrings it ſtrains or ſlakes.

Yet

(wheeles,
ſer chuſe thou one whoſe tongue's not ſet on
Who eates his words before he brings the forth
That no *decorum* in his talking feeles,
Such are but buzards, blabs of little worth:
And for complexion, heerein me beleeue,
The perfect ſanguine ſweet content doth giue,

The Phlegmaticke is like the water cold,
The Cholericke wants ſap, like fire dry,
And Melancholy, as age, is dull and old,
But in the ſanguin moiſt warme iuice doth lye,
Whoſe beauty feeds the eye with ſweete delight,
The reſt do rather feare then pleaſe the ſight.

What pleaſure can a ſterne grim face affoord,
A ſwarfie colour or rough ſhagged haire,
Or Rauen blacke? beleeue me at a word,
They are too blame that do deſpiſe the faire:
They pleaſe the eye, prouoke dull appetite,
Reſemble Gods, and do the minde delight.

Ceaſe chatting, gentle Nurſe, the Lady ſaid,
Or frame thy Tale to ſute more with the time,
My choice is made, therein I need no aide
Which may be compaſt by ſome help of thine.
It is too late of abſtinence to preach,
When one is drunk, & notes not what you teach.

I ſeeke him not for luſt, as you do deeme,
For if my mind were onely bent thereto,
I could find other men I might eſteeme,
You know the ſtore of Sutors come to woo:
But 'tis ſome kind of naturall inſtinct,
Or deuine flame that cannot be extinct.

What I do ſeeke I know is wondrous vile,
And haue a will for to withſtand the ſame,
Yet can thoſe motions by no meanes exile,
So ſeeketh luſt to bring me vnto ſhame,
Be it worſe thē nought to haue it fleſh doth ſtriue
Helpe Nurſe, elſe long I cannot liue.

Some ſay(and you can tell the truth likewiſe)
When women once haue felt that they cal ſport,
And in their wombe a Tympanie doth riſe
For things peculiar they do oft import:
And though moſt odious it do ſeeme to ſome,
Yet giue it them or they are quite vndone.

And ſo my caſe moſt deſperate ſtandes you ſee,
I long for this yet know no reaſon why,
Vnleſſe a womans will a reaſon bee,
We'le haue our will although vnlawfully,
It is moſt ſweete and wholſome vnto mee,
Though it ſeeme bad and odious vnto thee,

Then

Then wish not to disswade me in this case,
Nor giue me counsell to withdraw my minde
I like as me well, I weigh not the disgrace,
O teach me then to win him to be kind!
Helpe me good Nurse in this my cruell state,
All other meanes of comfort comes too late.

And since thou needs woldst vnderstand my sham
Which I did grieue and blush to ope to thee,
And had lear di'd then told thee of the same,
Now be not slacke to lend thy helpe to mee,
Thou forst me for to open my disgrace,
Then lend thy help to salue my wretched case.

You do not know good Nurse or haue forgot,
What 'tis to loue, and cannot it obtaine,
Of youths kind daliance age doth take no hote,
Forgetting it, and thinke all may abstaine:
But 'tis not so, I to those thoughts replie,
Then helpe me gentle Nurse, or else I die.

Line still my sweete, quoth she, and do possesse,
Yet name of (father) shame forc't her conceale,
And with a staggering speech the word repress,
And all her helpe more amply to reueale,
Shee made a vow, whereby herselfe shee bound,
To do the best that might in her be found.

The feasts of gentle *Ceres* now began,
Which yearely they obseru'd, and held it ill,
For thrice three nights to lie with any man,
The wiues in white, apparrelled were still,
And vnto *Ceres* first fruite of the field,
(As garlands made of eares of corne) did yeeld.

The Queen amongst these women did frequent
These Rites, and would be absent at no time.
The Nurse then to accomplish her intent,
And finding *Cynaras* made blith with wine,
The Syren most inchantingly did sing,
And thus at last broke silence to the King.

Renowned King, but that your constant loue
Restraines my tongue & holds my speeches in,
A wanton question I would to thee moue? (gin;
Speake on, quoth he, good Nurse thy speech be-
With *Bacchus* feasts do wanton sports agree,
I know thou wouldst no ill thing vnto mee.

Then thus, quoth shee, there is a gallant Maide
Of Princely birth and Noble high degree,
Who at this time would be right well apaide
To kisse thy hand, she's so in loue with thee,
Such diuine beauty in her face doth lurke,
That Gods enuy at Nature for the worke.

Without offence vnto your Queene and Wife,
Vaine this Lady, she is a homely cate,
I loue your Queene, and honour her as life,
And but admire the others happy state,
That's made so faire that none can like her bee,
Your Queene is kind, abuse her not for mee.

But if you saw her face, as I haue done,
And veiw'd the rest of her proportion'd limbs,
You would contemne my Mistres face too soone,
Yet loue them both: it nought your honor dims,
One as your wife, the next for beauties sake,
So of them both a beauteous wife do make.

The glory of her haire is wonderous bright,
Vpon her browes doth ebbe and flow content,
Her eies in motion do beget delight,
Her cheekes a tincture to *Aurora* lent;
Her teeths no pearle, her eies no rubies are,
But flesh and bone, more red and white by farre.

No lisping tongue that fondrels count a grace,
But doth to well tun'd harmony incline,
A necke inferior nought vnto the face,
And breasts most apt for to be prest by thine,
Now if the vtter veiw so glorious proue,
Iudge how the hidden parts procure loue.

The

The King who all this while lent liſtening eare,
Being wrapt in admiration of her ſpeech,
Began at length more liuely to appeare
And for to know one thing of her did ſeeke,
Saying, of what yeares may this Lady be?
Iuſt of ſweete *Mirrhas* age, replied ſhee.

He ſaid? then bring her to conferre with me,
That I may try if all be true you ſay,
It is moſt true, as after you ſhall ſee,
But ſaid the Nurſe, you now muſt let her ſtay,
Perhaps ſhee'le bluſh and be to coy by light,
When ſhe will yeeld more kindly in the night.

Such pretty Dames will hardly yeeld conſent,
For in their mouthes they alwaies carry nay,
Yet if you giue, to take, they are content,
And nere refuſe, what ere their tongue do ſay:
For ſo they natures ſimple men abuſe,
When what they loue they moſt of all refuſe.

If I do fable, put me vnto ſhame,
In ſaying ſhe reſembles *Myrrha* much,
For 'tis ſo much, as if it were the ſame;
And when you ſeeke to gaine the loue of ſuch
Let my experience thus much you aſſure
They Fawlcon-like ſtoop to a ganey lure.

And

And now you may, voide of suspected crime,
Dally with her in your lasciuious bed,
The sacred *Ceres* feasts are at this time,
And there your Queen is still: this scarcely sed,
Quoth *Cynaras*, bring her this night to mee,
Whereto the Nurse replide, I do agree.

With hopefull newes the Nurse return'd againe,
And cheer'd her chicke, and bad her not be sad,
Her wished suite, she certaine should obtaine,
The news wherof made *Myrha* wondrous glad!
Yet as she ioy'd, she was opprest with feare,
Such discords of affections in her were.

Away slips time and hasteneth on the night,
And now the Beare's seene run about the Pole,
Conducted forward by Boætes bright,
The other stars about the axe-tree role:
The Southerne images do shine as gold,
Fit monuments for Hunters to behold.

At what time *Myrha* wickedly proceedes
And takes in hand to act her base desire,
The shamefull lust with cursed hopes she feeds
Which quickly sets her heart vpon a fire,
And thereupon resolueth on her shame,
And not one thought to contradict it came.

At

At which the Sunne his glorious face did hide
Each Planet pulleth in his golden head,
The other ſtars out of the heauens glide:
And *Cynthia* from her ſiluer Palace fled,
The night is robbed of her wonted light,
Each thing turn'd dark that formerly was bri

Three times, by ſtumbling, *Myrha* was fore-to
Of bad ſucceſſe, if ſhe did not retire;
Three times the Owles like leſſons did vnfold,
Whoſe dolefull note do foule miſhap require
Yet ſhe crept on, regarding not the ſame,
The want of light alayed much the ſhame.

The Nurſe doth lead her by her owne left han
The right doth grope the darke and deſart w
As ſilent as the night they now do ſtand
To heare the night-crowes ſcrik, & goblins p
The lich-foule beats, and at the window cries,
For to come in, to ſtay the enterpriſe.

O gentle Nurſe, ſaid *Myrha*, tell to mee, (re
What may theſe ſcremes & dolefull ſcriks p
The Nurſe reply'd, my child, no hurt to thee,
They are but ſeruants that on night attend,
Theſe goblins, lich-fouls, Owls, & night-crow
At murthers raile, with loue haue naught to

A

And then the Beldam leads the Lady on,
Through many roomes, & other turning waies
As in a laborinth they two had gone;
And as they go, she to the Lady saies;
Now cheere you vp, and get a iocund minde
In thinking of the pleasures you shall finde.

At last she brings her to the chamber dore
Which softly she did ope, and led her in,
The Lady fals to trembling more and more,
Her very heart did to relent begin,
The neerer to the wickednesse she went,
The more to quake and shiuer she was bent.

Looke how you see a blind man on the way
Led by another through some desart place,
Stagger and grope and at each trifle stay
For feare least hee should fall: euen in like case,
The wretched nurse, the fearefull Lady leads,
Who shakes and starts at euery step she treads,

And now she doth her enterprise repent,
And wish she might vnknowne returne againe,
Vnto his bed the pawsing Nurse then went;
And cal'd the King, & told him thus much plaine
Dread King awake, of pleasures take thy fill,
This Ladie's thine, then vse her as you will.

The curſed father then his bowels takes,
Into his bed, ô filthy blob and ſtaine,
His daughter ſhiuers in his armes, and quakes,
This being done, the nurſe returnes againe
And ſaid, make much of her, to weepe forbeare
Anon you'le weep for that which now you feare

The King thus cheeres his daughter in his arme
Why doſt thou weep? be ſtill my ſweete, be ſtil
Come clip thy lone, I meane to do no harme,
My Kingly bed with pleaſures ſhall thee fill,
And to hide all that idle heads may moue,
Hence-forth I call thee danghter and not loo

Come kiſſe thy father, gentle daughter then,
And learne to ſport thee in a wanton bed;
Is this the trickes (ſhe ſoftly ſaid) of men?
And counterfeiting ſpeech vnknowne ſhe ſaid
A daughters name, me thinkes, doth not agree,
Iſt well with your owne child in loue to bee?

The King, not deeming who lay by his ſide,
Replies, what hurt deere Lady can it bee?
No ill I know by that meanes can betide,
The loue more firme thereby wee common ſe
It is not ill though men the ſame not craue,
For wee want daughters till a wife we haue.

Shee did reply, and said, why put the case
That I were *Myrha*, for as men do say,
My countenance resembleth much her face;
Were't not offence, thinke you, with me to play?
Disdeeming nought, againe, he doth reply;
No more then 'tis with thee, sweet wench, to lie.

O would, quoth *Myrha*, you could likewise proue
Whereby I might but know some reason why
It were not ill to grant to you my loue,
That loue should then alone to you apply;
Were I your daughter I might well consent,
Say halfe so much for me I am content.

The King replies, my sweete, my will's a law,
And may command my subiects when I will,
Besides all this, you furthermore do know
You must obey, I call you daughter still:
Then talke no more, she said, I do agree
Thy daughter and thy subiect yeelds to thee.

Oh! now the father his owne child doth take,
And of his owne hee doth his owne beget,
Of his owne loines another child doth make,
Repugnant to the Law that nature set;
May ones owne seed to procreation moue?
No sure, vnlesse it doth a monster proue.

Their muſicke is the ſcriking of the owles,
As if the fiends came for to ſunder them,
The rauing dogs affright them with their howls
As all the fiends came forth to iniure them;
The ſtars behind the clouds, a great way hence,
Like ſpies lie peeping to diſcloſe the offence.

Their bed doth ſhake and quauer as they lie,
As if it groan'd to beare the weight of ſinne,
The fatall night-crowes at their windowes flie,
And cries out at the ſhame they do liue in:
And that they may perceiue the heauens frown
The Poukes & Goblins pul the couerings down

The pillow that her curſed head doth beare,
Which is a Caſtle of accurſed ill,
The weighty burthen of the ſame doth feare,
And therefore ſhrinketh inwards from her ſi
Whilſt both the ends high ſwelling with diſdai
Like angry foe-men raiſe themſelues amaine.

The bed more kind then they religious are,
Doth ſeeke to ſhroude their foule defiled act;
And therefore lets them fall into it farre
As in ſome vale for to conceale the fact:
Like bulwarkes riſing to defend their names,
Or ſwelling mountains to obſcure their ſhame.

) there they lie and glut themselues with sin,
A iocund sin that doth the flesh delight,
filthy flesh that can delight therein,
A silly ioy that gainst the soule doth fight,
fading sport, a pleasure soone forgot,
That bringeth shame with an eternall blot.

hrice happy now, had wicked *Myrha* bene,
If some foule swelling *Ebon* cloud would fall,
or her to hide her selfe eternall in,
Or had the bed bene burnt with wilde fire all,
nd thereby mouit the heauens golden frame
hat al things might haue ended with her shame.

nd now reuenge, a souldier vnto lust,
Comes scouring in, as it had bene beguil'd,
ccompanied with fame and foule distrust,
And with disgrace, blacke luxures baseſt child,
hese threaten them and blaze abroad the fact,
And like to Trumpets thunder out the act.

or many nights they spending in this sort,
hat *Cynaras* at length desir'd to know
ho' twas affoorded him this pleasant sport,
And freely did the curtesy bestow:
nd hauing done this taske vs'd euery night,
Forth he doth steale and goes to seeke the light.

O hide thee *Myrha*, 'tis not time to ſleepe,
A thunderbolt is leuel'd at thy head,
Vncloſe thy eies prepare them for to weepe,
With fire and ſword thou art betrai'd in bed,
Awaken wench, the day of doome bewray,
And ſee the father his owne child betray.

And whither ſteales thou furious *Cynaras*?
Why ſeekes a light to open thy owne ſhame?
Who hop'ſt to find in this accurſed place?
Make not ſuch haſt to ſpy thy ignoble game,
Stay, ſtay thy feete, thou wilt repent too late,
Miſchiefe it ſelfe comes in with ſpeedy gate.

What, ſleepſt thou *Myrha*? why thé ſleep thou lon
Or elſe awake and welcome in thy woes,
Another happy day will neuer come,
Pale miſery thy pleaſure ouer-goes;
Dreame ſleeping, thou didſt with thy father lie,
Or wake, and ſee him reuenge the villany.

Confound thy head, and all thy parts with feare,
And thinke the fiends incompaſſe thee about,
Striuing with burning tongs thy fleſh to teare,
Pulling thy tongue and eies with tortures out;
O thinke with raizors they do flea thy skin,
Adding new tortures vnto euery ſin.

Now comes the father, being fully bent
For to diſcloſe his loue with his faire light,
Sleepe *Myrha*, thou haſt time for to repent,
Ariſe in cares, paſſe many a weary night;
Looke *Cynaras*, and ſpy diſgrace too ſoone,
Myrha awake, ſee what thy luſt hath done.

Bluſh luſtfull King, and ſee the end of luſt,
Behold thy owne diſhonour and diſgrace,
Learne what it is to vſe thy wife vniuſt;
And lay a ſtrumpet in her Princely place,
Shame follows thé, reuenge hangs o're their head
That baſely do defile their marriage bed.

It's like a tender flower nipt with froſt,
That euer after hangs his drooping head,
And hath her wonted prime of glory loſt,
Or like the cup that hath his *Nectar* ſhed:
Cracke you the richeſt pointed Diamond,
And all his priſe and glory's loſt and gone.

Old *Cynaras* his daughter knowing well,
For very anger could not ſpeake a word,
But into moſt outragious fury fell,
And would haue kil'd the Lady with a ſword,
But nimbly ſhe, by helpe of cloudy night,
Conueyes her ſelfe out of her fathers ſight.

Moſt like a Lyon, ranging for a pray,
Each corner of the houſe he madly lookes,
No barre or ſtop, doth hinder him, or ſtay,
He rifles chambers beds, and ſecret nookes.
This Lyon ſeekes for her, the dart did throw,
And quickly lets all the other go.

By this the Lady's in the *Arabian* fields,
And fearefully doth range about the ſame,
Which plenteouſly the bearing *Date-tree* yeelds,
At length ſhe alſo through *Pænchaia* came,
Her fathers rage being ſome-what ouer-paſt,
At *Saba* land ſhe doth arriue at laſt.

The King not finding her, begins to fret,
And vexs himſelfe with anguiſh, care, and griefe,
He ſcoulds at fortune, that this trap did ſet,
And chides the Fates for yeelding no reliefe:
Small ſorrowes grew till they to greater came,
Like little ſparkes increaſing into flame.

Euen as a riuer ſwelling ore her bounds,
By daily falling of ſmall drops of raine,
Likewiſe his care continually abounds,
By howerly thinking of his fault againe,
Content were found ſoone in calamity,
The thought hereof raz'd out of memory.

(teares,
Daughter, quoth hee, with eyes full fraught with
What hast thou done? ô foule accurſed child!
Why haſt deflour'd my aged bloſſom'd haires?
Why didſt thy Princely Father ſo beguile?
Alaſſe! I erre, thou art no child to me,
Nor longer ile thy louing father be.

Go ſeeke ſome hole eternall to lye in,
And neuer more behold the heauens light,
Thou haſt diſgraced all thy name and kin,
Then hide thee euerlaſting from my ſight,
Thou haſt not onely brought vs both to ſhame,
But made thy father actor of the ſame.

How will thy mother thinke her ſelfe abus'd,
That haſt made her a quot-queane ſhamefully,
Of filthy inceſt I do thee accuſe,
That Lemnon-like didſt with thy father lye,
Then hye to hell, haſte to the furies there,
Where raging parents witneſſe gainſt thee beare

Oh but the fault, thy owne was moſt of all,
Poore *Myrha* thou didſt meane no hurt to me,
I wot: thou ſaidſt (my ſelfe, I witneſſe call)
Twas ill with your owne child in loue to be:
And vrg'd againe, what if ſhe *Myrha* were,
I baſely ſaid, there was no fault in her.

Then

Then rent thy braines with terror of the deed,
Confuſed thoughts burſt thine accurſed breaſt,
As if thou didſt on deadly poyſon feed,
And in *Eliſium* let thy ſoule nere reſt.
Rore ſeas, quake earth, till you deuoure him
That hath defil'd his daughter with foule ſin.

Yet ſhe did know I was her father deere,
What meant ſhe then to ſeeke me in ſuch ſort?
I did not know my daughter to be there,
And therefore wiſhed her no kind of hurt.
Shee ſin'd, and knew her father ſhe abuſed,
I ſin'd, vncertaine who it was I vſed.

By this the Sunne neere paſt the Zodiaque ore,
And thrice three ſignes had fully ouer-run,
Returning tow'rd the point he was before,
Ninty degrees wanting thereto to come,
He had the Cliptick ſaue one quadre gone,
And in that ſpace the child ripes in the womb.

When *Myrha* weeping much her burne to beare,
Tired with wandring in the wood ſo long,
Weary of life beginneth for to feare
What ſhall hereafter on her ſelfe become.
Now ſhe perceiues the folly luſt did bring,
And may take time of penitence to ſing.

Things done in haſt haue time for to repent,
A haſty braine is neuer wanting woe,
Youth with *Decorum* ſeldome is content,
Yong yeares and luſt aſſociat-like do goe,
Youth hath no wit till it be deerely bought,
And oftentimes then it is good for nought.

Alaſſe! quoth *Myrha*, burſting out with cryes,
What ſhall I do that haue ſo vilely erred?
Let bellowing greefes pierce vp vnto the skies,
That all the Gods to pitty may be ſtirred,
Or let ſome Trumpets voyce from thee be driuen
To waken mighty *Iupiter* in heauen.

You gentle Gods, that wonted were to heare
The ſuppliant prayers of diſtreſſed ſoules,
Now open wide your gracious liſtening eare,
That I may winſome pitty with my howles:
Or let it ſtand with your omnipotence,
For to remit the ſorrowfuls offence.

I do confeſſe my wickednеſſe is much,
And there's no hope that I ſhould fauour win,
Yet your ſtill-pardoning clemency is ſuch,
That vndeſerued your forgiue our ſin,
Wee run in errors euery day moſt ill,
Yet you are apt to grant vs pardon ſtill.

What

What haue I gain'd? my fathers foule disgrace,
My owne dishonour, and my friends disdaine:
What haue I won? an imputation base,
My mothers curse, and a perpetuall staine,
I seldome see one mischeife to arise,
But it brings others at her heeles likewise.

And since my fault into such height is driuen
That I deserue not in the earth to rest,
Nor haue a place amongst the starres in heauen,
You mighty powers grant me this request:
That neither with the dead nor liue I do remaine,
And so no place in earth or heauen gaine.

To this her last request the Gods consent,
And so the ground her foote did couer ore,
Out from her toes the scrawling rootes went:
Which by her trauell she had bruised sore,
These twining roots most plentiously abound,
Till they had fixt her body to the ground.

Where be the walles that thou wast wont to haue
The shady groues paued with Camomile?
The rosie bowers that heate of Sunne did saue,
And yeelded to thy sence a pleasant smile?
Where be the pleasant roomes thou solast's in?
Thou art dispoil'd thereof by thine owne sin.

Thou

Thou shalt no more within thy Chariot ride,
Gazing vpon the people kneeling downe.
No more will come to woe thee for a Bride,
Lust hath defil'd the tipe of thy renowne.
Those feet of thine, that to offence did lead,
Imprisoned are, and not allow'd to tread.

By this the growing tree so far had past,
That her faire bones to timber turned were:
Her marrow did conuert to pyth at last,
And all her bloud the name of Sap doth beare,
Her armes to boughes, her fingers branches be,
Her skin to bark, and so she made a tree.

Where is the face that did all faces staine,
But shrunke within a hard consolid barke?
No one will sue to kisse it once againe,
But must be hid perpetually in darke.
That snow-white-neck, that men desir'd to touch.
Now they refuse to handle it as much.

Where are those eyes, those glassy eyes of thine
That lent the glorious Sunne his chiefest light?
Where is that Angels voyce, that voyce deuine,
Whose wel-tun'd tõgue did all the gods delight?
What, are they gone? doth time thy glory rust?
No, they be spoiled with incestious lust.

Farewell

Farewell thy armes, made kindly to embrace,
But now a bough for birds to pearch vpon,
Farewell thy pretty fingers in like case,
The curious Lute ordain'd to quauer on.
Your wonted glory you shall see no more,
Your filthy lust hath thrust you out of dore.

Nor with her shape she lost her sences quite,
For that and for her fault she weepeth still,
Which teares are held in honour, price, & might
And daily do out of the tree distill,
And from the gummy barke doth issue *Myrrh*,
Which euermore shall beare the name of her.

At last the swelling wombe diuides the tree,
The infant seeking for same passage out,
No Nurse nor Mid-wife could the baby see,
The vse of speech his mother is without,
And could not therefore beg *Lucina's* aid,
She might done well could she one prayer said.

And therefore sighes and grones most heauily,
Bending most humbly to the ground below.
Shedding from enery bow teares plenteously,
At length the Gods some fauour did bestow.
And so *Lucina* laid her hand thereon,
And speaking words receiu'd the child anon.

The watry Nymphs this pretty child did take,
And on ſoft ſmelling flowers laid him downe,
Of which a curious cradle they did make,
The hearbs perfumed were for more renowne,
The Nymphs this boy affected more and more.
And with his mothers teares ſtil waſht him ore.

As yeares encreaſe, ſo beauty doth likewiſe,
And he's more faire to morrow then to day,
In beauty more and more did ſtill ariſe,
That enuy did delight, in him bewray,
As Venus fell in loue with him at laſt,
Who ſcourg'd him for his mothers luſting paſt.

FINIS.